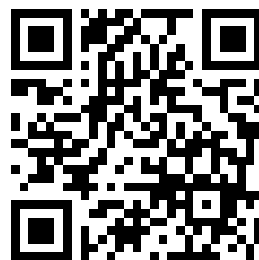


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GOOD KING WENCESLAS

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# GOOD KING WENCESLAS



# GOOD KING WENCESLAS

A CAROL WRITTEN BY D<sup>R</sup> NEALE AND  
PICTURED BY ARTHUR J. GASKIN WITH  
AN INTRODUCTION BY WILLIAM MORRIS

BIRMINGHAM. MESSRS CORNISH BRS. &  
NEW STREET 1895 MDCCCXCV.

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**TO MY WIFE**







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## INTRODUCTORY NOTE.



THE poem here illustrated by Mr. Gaskin's beautiful pictures was written to suit a Mediæval tune by Dr. John Mason Neale, who was one of the leaders in the early days of the Ritualistic movement. Dr. Neale was a representative of a side of the movement, which, unless I am mistaken has almost died out as a special characteristic of Ritualism—the historical side to wit. This has happened I think because of the growth amongst thinking people generally of a sense of the importance of Mediæval history, and of the increasing knowledge that the ecclesiastical part of it cannot be dissociated from its civil and popular parts. Mediæval history in all its detail, with all its enthusiasms, legends, and superstitions, is now cultivated by many who have no ecclesiastical bias, as a portion of the great progress of the life of man on the earth, the discovery of which as an unbroken chain belongs almost entirely to our own days. But to Dr. Neale must be awarded the honour of being the chief figure of the history lovers, or shall we say the Mediævalists in the movement in question, and the poem before us is a good specimen of his manner and its limitations. The legend itself is pleasing and a genuine one, and the Christmas-like quality of it, recalling the times of my boyhood, appeals to me at least as a happy memory of past days.

As this preface is a part of the book and not a criticism of it as a work of art I must not say much of the merits of the pictures done by my friend Mr. Gaskin; but I cannot help saying that they have given me very much pleasure, both as achievements in themselves and as giving hopes of a turn towards the ornamental side of illustration, which is most desirable.

WILLIAM MORRIS.

September 1894.







I

GOOD KING WENCESLAS LOOK'D OUT,  
ON THE FEAST OF STEPHEN,  
WHEN THE SNOW LAY ROUND ABOUT,  
DEEP, AND CRISP, AND EVEN.  
BRIGHTLY SHONE THE MOON THAT NIGHT,  
THOUGH THE FROST WAS CRUEL,  
WHEN A POOR MAN CAME IN SIGHT  
GATH'RING WINTER FUEL.

II

"HITHER, PAGE, AND STAND BY ME  
IF THOU KNOW'ST IT, TELLING,  
YONDER PEASANT, WHO IS HE?  
WHERE, AND WHAT HIS DWELLING?"  
"SIRE, HE LIVES A GOOD LEAGUE HENCE,  
UNDERNEATH THE MOUNTAIN:  
RIGHT AGAINST THE FOREST FENCE,  
BY SAINT AGNES' FOUNTAIN."

III

"BRING ME FLESH, AND BRING ME WINE  
BRING ME PINE-LOGS HITHER;  
THOU AND I WILL SEE HIM DINE,  
WHEN WE BEAR THEM THITHER."  
PAGE AND MONARCH, FORTH THEY WENT,  
FORTH THEY WENT TOGETHER;  
THROUGH THE RUDE WINDS LOUD LAMENT  
AND THE BITTER WEATHER.

IV

"SIRE THE NIGHT IS DARKER NOW,  
SAND THE WIND BLOWS STRONGER;  
FAILS MY HEART, I KNOW NOT HOW,  
I CAN GO NO LONGER."  
"MARK MY FOOTSTEPS, MY GOOD PAGE;  
TREAD THOU IN THEM BOLDLY,  
THOU SHALT FIND THE WINTER WIND  
FREEZE THY BLOOD LESS COLDLY."

V

IN HIS MASTER'S STEPS HE TROD,  
I WHERE THE SNOW LAY DINTED;  
HEAT WAS IN THE VERY SOD  
WHICH THE SAINT HAD PRINTED.  
THEREFORE, CHRISTIAN MEN, BE SURE  
WEALTH OR RANK POSSESSING,  
YE WHO NOW WILL BLESS THE POOR,  
SHALL YOURSELVES FIND BLESSING.



OOD KING WENCESLAS LOOK'D  
 OUT ON THE FEAST OF STEPHEN:  
 WHEN THE SNOW LAY ROUND &  
 ABOUT: DEEP AND CRISP AND  
 EVEN: BRIGHTLY SHONE THE  
 MOON THAT NIGHT: THO' THE  
 FROST WAS CRUEL ㄥㄥㄥㄥㄥ









RIGHTLY SHONE THE MOON  
THAT NIGHT THOUGH THE  
FROST WAS CRUEL WHEN A  
POOR MAN CAME IN SIGHT  
GATH'RING WINTER FUEL  
❧❧❧❧❧❧❧❧❧❧



A.J.G

"Bring me flesh and bring  
me wine bring me pine  
logs hither."





PAGE AND MONARCH FORTH THEY WENT. &  
FORTH THEY WENT TOGETHER: THROUGH THE  
RUDE WINDS LOUD LAMENT AND THE BITTER WEATHER.



"SIRE THE NIGHT IS DARKER NOW, AND THE WIND  
BLOWS STRONGER: FAILS MY HEART. I KNOW  
NOT HOW. I CAN GO NO LONGER. MARK MY  
FOOTSTEPS. MY GOOD PAGE: TREAD THOU &  
IN THEM BOLDLY. THOU SHALT FIND THE  
WINTER WIND FREEZE THY BLOOD LESS COLDLY"

BRING ME FLESH AND BRING ME WINE  
 BRING ME PINE-LOGS HITHER ㄿㄿㄿ  
 THOU AND I WILL SEE HIM DINE ㄿㄿ  
 WHEN WE BEAR THEM THITHER ㄿ



IN HIS MASTER'S STEPS HE TROD, WHERE ㄿ  
 THE SNOW LAY DINTED; ㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿ  
 HEAT WAS IN THE VERY SOD WHICH ㄿ  
 THE SAINT HAD PRINTED. ㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿ  
 THEREFORE, CHRISTIAN MEN, BE SURE ㄿ  
 WEALTH OR RANK POSSESSING, YE WHO NOW  
 WILL BLESS THE POOR SHALL YOURSELVES  
 FIND BLESSING. ㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿㄿ















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